

7-16-1943

## Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-07-16

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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# EMBRY-RIDDLE

## *Fly Paper* "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VI

JULY 16, 1943

NO. 13

### Jack Hopkins Tells Story With a Moral To Warn Motorists

All motorists in this section of the state please note: Be sure to give all Riddle Field cadets and employees a lift should you see them hitch-hiking. This not only is a great aid to said cadet or employee but also will safeguard you against any catastrophe such as a flat tire, etc.

Proof of this occurred the other day when one of our "fatter" employees was thumbin' it to Miami. Two cars, occupied only by the drivers, passed him like feathers in the breeze, and he was quite despondent until photographer Charlie Ebbets happened along and picked him up.

In the meantime, a terrific rainstorm broke loose and there by the side of the road, in all that rain, was one of the cars with a flat. The driver was soaking wet while changing the tire. Now, had he picked up this Riddle Field employee, he would have benefited.

So remember this, you drivers! The next time you see a Riddle Field cadet or employee, give him a lift.

#### It Happened at Riddle Field

With all this enlisting in the Army Reserve, papers being signed, trips to Camp Blanding being arranged, etc. Flight Commander Bob Johnson was in as much a quandry as the next fellow. He had signed several papers and was getting ready to make the Blanding trip.

Then came the birth certificate which he had sent for sometime ago, and, to Bob's surprise, he was three months over the age limit and about three years older than he thought he was. To age three years in about three minutes is quite a feat, but it has been reported that the look on Bob's face verified his "raise."

Wing Commander Greaves was reviewing a parade last Saturday when the Camp's mascot, "Queenie," came into the ranks playing with a bit of rag. Somehow, the rag became wrapped around Queenie's "noggin'" and she went charging through the lines on instruments. It is rumored that she had just come from the Ground School, as her navigation was perfect and no accidents were reported.



Dr. Joaquim Pedro Salgado, Jr.

The "Kid" party originally scheduled for last Saturday was postponed and will be held this Saturday, July 17. All Instructors, wives and dates are invited and a prize will be awarded for the cleverest costume.

A powder room has now been added to the Club, thanks to Carl Ziler, George Hall and Doris Archibald.

The Co-Pilot's Club is still working at the Red Cross sewing room two of their meeting days each month, and they are continuing with their work at the Cadet Club.

#### Course 14

Here we are again after three weeks absence, due entirely to our being snugly curled in mosquito nets, never stirring from them in groups of less than ten, since the terrible mauling they gave McClusky.

Said Mr. McC. was carried clear across the Field to the swamps; but the bigger mosquitos, being gentlemen of honor, would not harm anyone smaller than themselves, so they returned him hastily with many apologies. Boy, what peril Skinny Ennis would be in down here.

We suffered a slashing at the hands of Course 13 on the tennis court, the Senior men winning two matches to our one. Perhaps we shall fair better against Course 15. Our racket wielders were Cadets Cox, Hills, Lawrenson and Fryer.

*Continued on Page 18*

### Brazilian Air Minister Expresses Appreciation Of Embry-Riddle Work

Brazilian Air Minister Joaquim Pedro Salgado, Jr., with his staff and Army and Navy officers Sunday made a tour of inspection of Embry-Riddle, where many Brazilian students have been trained as service and instructor mechanics during the past two years.

John Paul Riddle, in introducing Dr. Salgado, said that Brazil could be proud of its students and that the Latin Americans had been doing excellent work at the school.

Appreciation of his warm reception in Miami and of "the outstanding work being done by Embry-Riddle in the War effort" was expressed by Dr. Salgado. He said that Brazil was fighting strongly against U-boats and that a number had been sunk off the coast. He introduced Capt. Oswaldo Pamplona who, he said, had sunk the first U-boat. "We will defend our coast line with our hearts and arms," Dr. Salgado declared through interpreter Adriano Ponso.

#### Luncheon at Tech

The tour of the Coliseum and Colonnade divisions in Coral Gables and the Technical school was followed by a luncheon for 60 guests at the Technical school.

Guests at the speakers' table included Mr. Riddle, Dr. Salgado, Brig. Gen. W. E. Hall, representing General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces; Capt. Edmund Brady, representing Secretary of Navy Knox; Brazilian Minister Dr. Fernando Lobo; Brazilian Consul General Alfredo Polzin, stationed in Miami; Col. V. A. Secco, Army Air representative from Brazil; Col. Armando Ararigboia, Air Attache to the Brazilian Embassy; Col. Charles G. Mettler of the Army; Lt. Col. John D. Gillett, who is acting as Dr. Salgado's aide; Col. J. C. Selser of the Army; Major Faria Lima of Brazil; Capt. Len J. Povey, Joseph R. Horton, George Wheeler and James E. Blakeley, Embry-Riddle officials.

Dr. Salgado will leave the first of the week for an inspection tour of the United States.

*(Pictures appear on pages ten and eleven)*



# EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by  
THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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*Assistant Staff Photographer*

# Letters to the Editor

30 Langford Avenue  
Southall,  
Middlesex, England

Dear Editor:

We have today received the Fly Paper of April 2, 1943, with the Listening Out of Course Eleven, in which our son, John Anthony Clay, trained until his death on January 19th.

We should be very grateful if you would send a copy of this April 2nd Fly Paper and also one of October 29, 1942, and that of January 29, 1943, to his brother and to his great school friend: Lt. Peter Clay, R.A. Base Depot, Middle East, and Lt. H. Travis, care of the Imperial Bank of India, Bombay, India.

We have been very interested in the Fly Paper and hope you will continue to send it to us so that we may keep in touch until the time when we can visit Florida—especially Arcadia, where our beloved son and his inseparable friend, D. Clandillon, in life as in death, have remained.

I hope I am not asking too much, but we treasure these three Fly Papers especially and want to keep them for ourselves. It may be a very long time before the other boys can see our copies.

Yours sincerely,  
Mabel W. Clay.

*Editor's Note: We are very happy to comply with Mrs. Clay's request, and we extend deepest sympathy to her on behalf of the entire Company.*

23 Queen St.  
Arbroath  
Angus, Scotland

Dear Editor,

I feel positively ashamed of myself not having written a few lines to the Fly Paper to show my true Scots appreciation for the Fly Papers sent to me. I read and digest them from cover to cover. Many new names come in the eye, but the good old "family" spirit it aye there. When I'm finished I pass them on to Sgt. Ron Bodley whose letter to Syd Burrows was printed in a recent edition, so Embry-Riddle fame is all around.

Who is this sergeant who writes to you? I was one of Course 4 who left America returning home about this time last year, and how often I have spoken to fellow students of Course 4, of the happy home.

Doc Robbins and Mr. Westmoreland were the good chaps to see me through, not forgetting Mr. Bing and the final check. Doc Robbins has left Embry-Riddle Co., but do give my kindest regards to Mr. Westmoreland from one of his "dim" pupils.

I am writing from my base though I give my home address. Here I have been a staff pilot on medium bombers for ten months and expect a posting on to operations in September.

I couldn't write without mentioning Jack

Hopkins who was richer for a few dollars when he had finished playing tennis with Walters, Greer and myself. Gee, those were happy days.

My deepest regret is for you to tell Jack that Bobby Walters, the curly headed Yorkshireman, was killed while flying his beloved fighter two weeks ago. I am sure Mrs. Walters wishes me to thank all for his joy in training and his many friends in Florida for their goodness. I personally am writing to our friends in West Palm Beach and Ft. Lauderdale.

I have promised myself to return to Florida in the early future to reaffirm my many friendships.

I end this short epistle wishing Embry-Riddle in every good work it does all the very best to end this bitter struggle for peace.

Yours sincerely,  
Ronald A. Sturrock

*Editor's Note: We certainly appreciate your kind words about Embry-Riddle and the Fly Paper, Ronald, and we sincerely hope that we can say hello to you when you return to our country for a visit. It is with deep sympathy for Mrs. Walters that we learn of the death of her son, Bobby. We are relaying the news to his many friends through the medium of the Fly Paper, and we have written a personal note to Mrs. Walters.*

Clewiston, Fla.  
July 6, 1943

Dear Mr. Riddle:

I am writing to thank you for everything done to make our Royal Air Force Dance such a success.

We were all pleased to see you present and trust that you enjoyed it as much as we all did.

Please extend my thanks to everybody who helped in Miami in this cause.

Yours sincerely,  
George Greaves,  
Wing Commander, RAF  
Officer Commanding

*Editor's Note: All who attended the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund Dance wish to thank Wing Commander Greaves for a very delightful evening. We are very happy indeed if our small efforts helped to make it a success.*

## HONORABLE MENTION

Mrs. Stanley Balcauskas, Mimeograph Clerk, has received honorable mention in the Miami Daily News' Heroes of Production Contest for her "exceptional morale building, efficiency, dependability and thoroughness."



## FLY PAPER EDITORS MEET AT CLEWISTON



Friday evening the Clewiston Inn saw the gathering for the first time of the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper staff. Present for the dinner and general get-together were: Seated, left to right, Kay Bramlitt, secretary to "Len" Povey at Carlstrom Field and editor of Carlstrom Carrousel; Cara Lee Cook, secretary to Mr. Gibbons at Chapman Field and editor of Chapman Chatter; Vadah Walker, assistant editor of the Fly Paper; Wain R. Fletcher, editor of the Fly Paper; Helen Penney, secretary to Mr. Jackson of the Colonnade and editor of Colonnade Cannonade; Dorothy Burton, Librarian at the Tech School and editor of Tech Talk; Bleeka Kistler, Head of the Fabric department at Carlstrom and editor of Allover Overhaul; and Gladys Goff, secretary to Charles Grafflin of Engine Overhaul and editor of Engine Noises. Standing, from left to right, Charles C. Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division of the Embry-Riddle Co. and staff photographer of the Fly Paper; Bill Waters, assistant superintendent of maintenance at the Seaplane Base and editor of Whitecaps; Aviation Cadets G. W. Morse and Peter Hardware of Riddle Field, co-editors of Course 13's Listening Out; Jack Hopkins, Link Instructor at Riddle Field and editor of Riddle Round-Up; Jack Whitnall, Chief Guard at Dorr Field and editor of Dorr Doings; Walter Dick of the Instrument Overhaul, editor of Gyro Notes; Otto H. Hemple, Jr. of Aircraft Overhaul, editor of Wing Flutter; and Art Runhke, assistant staff photographer.

RED-LETTER DAYS  
IN SOUTH AMERICA

Now that the South American Countries are engaged in the War effort with the United States to whip the Nazis, Fascists and Japs off the map, the thought of freedom will come stronger than ever to the citizens of several nations of the South: Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, on account of red-letter days in this month.

For instance, everybody in my Country will recall the passage of a declaration of independence by a revolutionary congress at Caracas on July 5, 1811.

In 1806 the precursor of South American independence, Francisco de Miranda, a native of Venezuela, led two expeditions to the Venezuelan coast, but both of them failed because of popular indifference and upper-class hostility, having to flee to the West Indies.

In 1810 Miranda again returned to Venezuela, after leading citizens and the Cabildo (Corporation) of Caracas on April 19th that year had deposed their Captain-general and had set up a junta as a movement to break with Spain.

Most of the provincial cities followed the example of the capital city and then as a result of Miranda's activity a congress proclaimed a year later the independence of Venezuela, being the first formal declaration of the sort to be made by any of the Spanish American colonies. That declaration was followed by more than 10 years of war.

The other red-letter day this month is July 24th, a holiday widely celebrated throughout the Americas to commemorate the birth in 1783 of Bolivar, "The Washington of South America," who once said: "The freedom of the New World is the hope of the Universe."

Bolivar was born in Caracas, Capital of my Country, and this holiday will be specially celebrated in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia as nations liberated by him.

by Federico Zerres  
Venezuelan at Riddle Field

## INTER-AMERICAN NEWS

by Eric R. Sundstrom

If it is possible to be sorry and happy at the same time, there are several people at Tech School who are just that after last Saturday, the reason being the departure for the University of Texas of our Brazilian friend, Sertorio Arruda.

We were sorry to see him go but happy for his sake, because when he completes his course at the University of Texas he will be an Aeronautical Engineer. Good luck to you, Sertorio, and let us hear from you soon!

There are three happy faces among the Inter-American boys this week, two from Chile and one from Cuba, the occasion being their selection for three scholarships in Instruments at the Sperry Gyroscope Company in New York.

The lucky ones are: Gonzalo Fortun of Cuba; and William Tartacovsky and Enrique Arcaya of Chile. Happy landings, boys, and be sure to drop in and see us on the way back from New York.

FLY PAPER PARTY  
HELD AT CLEWISTON

Fly Paper associates quit their pens last Friday to meet in Clewiston for dinner and shop talk. Union City editors, the only ones not present, were sorely missed, and we hope they will make a point of attending our next get-together.

Dinner was punctuated with extemporaneous talks, such as Cara Lee Cook's "Life Among the Landcrabs," Jack Whitnall's "Horse Laughs," Gladys Goff's "Life in the Doghouse," and Bill Waters' "Ducks in General and Annabelle in Particular."

Special guests whom we were very happy to have were Aviation Cadets George Morse and Peter Hardware, co-editors of Course 13's Listening Out, which will be published in the Fly Paper next week.

Staff Photographer Charlie Ebbets was on hand with his trusty camera. His handiwork, picturing our 17 smiling faces, appears on this page. Yes, these are the girls and boys who keep you posted on the doings of Embry-Riddle.

The ink from their pens reaches every Allied and neutral nation in the world and every state in these 48. It's their willingness and ability to cooperate that makes it possible to bring you each week news of your friends and associates.

Drop by and have a chat with the associate editor of your division, Embry-Riddle-ites. Drop him a note occasionally. The better he knows you, the better he can serve you. The Fly Paper is *your* paper, and we want you to enjoy it to the fullest extent.



# UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Ken Stiverson, Editor

B. C. Humphries, Howard Cooper, T/Sgt. Cannon, A/C Ralph Clifford, Associates

It looks as if the Personnel Officer and the Adjutant are going to get a work-out before long, what with all the enlistments in the ACER and the commissioning of Flight Instructors for service pilots.

The series of pictures known as "The Prelude to War" are being shown to all Military Personnel on the Post. The first two in the series were very interesting, if a bit gruesome.

Cpl. Bodle seems to be doing all right in spots since he has that cream colored convertible to buzz around town in.

## You Guess

John Brannon comes from a certain state on the eastern seaboard. Not wanting to mention it by name for fear we might hurt some of the natives' feelings, we are going to let you guess.

The state is made up of mountains, hills and valleys. Thar's coal in them thar hills and little towns in the valleys. The place has schools, I think. Other than the above, not much can be said for the country.

Then we have Florida, the land of sunshine and flowers. Beautiful lakes, palms and sub-tropical climate combine to make this a nature lover's paradise. A place where you can reach languidly out and pluck an

orange from a tree and then lie in the shade of the tree to eat it.

A place where you can toss a hook with a bit of bacon rind attached into the limpid waters of the second largest fresh water lake entirely within the boundaries of the United States and have a 15-pound black bass snap at the bait gratefully.

Now I leave it to you, gentle reader, which would you prefer? So would I.

Alas, the worst has happened. Mr. Brannon, being of the nosey type, has peeked over my left shoulder and read these few lines of copy. Nothing will do but that he must offer a few words "writ by hand" in answer to my little quip. Here he is.

## Lucky People

Brannon says: The state is made up of beautiful mountains, healthy mountains, shady knolls, and rich valley farm lands bestrewn with wild flowers.

There is coal, oil, gas and other rich stores of natural resources hidden by the splendor of age-old trees in those mountains. There are prosperous modern cities in the green valleys. The state has all modern facilities for the education of its inhabitants (lucky people) with no danger of molestation from still unconquered tribes



of Indians and "Swamp Crackers." Space does not permit an adequate description of this "Switzerland of America."

Then someone else (not we) has Florida. The land of the rainy season, beautiful parasitic growth and innumerable fungi. Gloomy swamps, treacherous cypress and year around muggy weather.

A place where you can reach languidly out and pluck a coral snake from the nearest neurotic growth and lie about it in the shade of Spanish Moss (the red bugs' haven). Where a hook with a bit of shoulder fed boar attached can be tossed into the stagnant, scum-topped solution of the largest mosquito breeding grounds within the boundaries of the U.S.A.

Which would you, gentle or otherwise reader, prefer?

In case anyone is bursting a blood vessel, this is all in fun.

## EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD EDITORS



Our only "editors in absentia" at the Fly Paper party in Clewiston were the above correspondents from up in them thar hills of Tennessee. Preparing their copy for this issue are T/Sgt. John Cannon, Howard Cooper at the "mike" and Editor Ken Stiverson, who has pushed aside the Flit gun for a fling at the typewriter.

## Flight Line News

The girls in the Tower are taking up flying in a big way. Two of them are starting to learn to fly these "flyin' machines" and several others are going to start in a few days.

Bob Boyle is the proud father of a baby girl. Honest, I never saw a guy strut so. Bob is all worn out over the ordeal, but happy. Congratulations.

Charlie Sullivan's new Cadillac is a beauty. If it wasn't for the restriction on speeding, Charlie says that it would pass anything on the road but a filling station.

Our good friend Jimmy Glover, formerly a Fly Paper associate, has entered the Refresher school. Sorry to lose you, Jim.

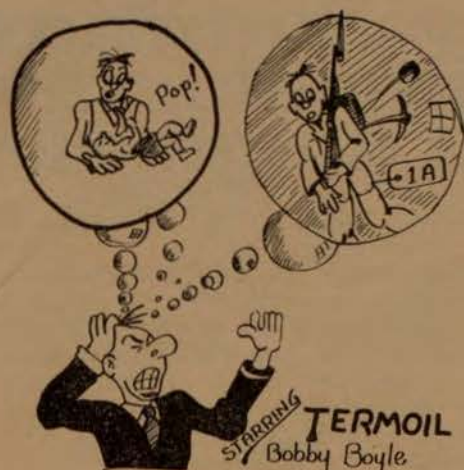
It's a good natured fight to see which Squadrons get to move into the new hangars. May the best and loudest win.

It's nice to see James Stegall back after a siege of rheumatic fever. James had a pretty tough time of it for a while.

Cecil Caldwell's vacation came along just in time for him to catch up on his cotton chopping or whatever it is they do to cotton. Now, that's my idea of a nice way to spend a vacation.

Anne McCord is looking for a roommate. If any young lady is interested, apply thru this column to box 465783-345.





Mickey Lightholder depicts the nightmare of Flight Commander Bobby Boyle

Because of conditions beyond our control, this detachment was unable to have a Field Day program at the graduation of 43-J. After reading of the super-duper affair that Carlstrom put on, we are determined to stretch every nerve and muscle to do our stuff when 43-K graduates.

Kussrow and Sellers' favorite headache: Finding and keeping a janitor for the Instructor ready rooms. Seems that the last colored boy they had turned out to be only 13 years old. Boy, they raise 'em big here. Irv says the next time he hires one he is going to look at his teeth.

The Tower twins have been torn asunder or something. Renna Joyner left us for Memphis and poor lil' Myra has two new partners in crime. Your life is not worth a plugged nickel in the Time department when they are busy.

## CADET NEWS

"Don't shoot, Mister," cried Wee Willie Keeler, "this is taps, not reveille."

To the Class of 44-A: Here at Embry-Riddle and in Union City you will be treated courteously and kindly. The previous classes that were graduated from here created and enjoyed a more than friendly relationship with the townfolks. Remember this in your contacts and govern yourselves accordingly.

Yesterday I met a fellow correspondent. He was Brown from the Daily Sun.

Don Bracht is doing chin-ups where angels would fear to race. In other words, Don is waiting for clearance on the papers that will make him a PT Instructor. Good luck, fellow; we are all for you.

### A Good Man

Here is a tip to all concerned: In the Class of 44-A there is a Cadet named Richardson. If ever the occasion arises where a good man is needed, to do work of any sort that is, just call on him.

Further tips to innocent bystanders: The Class of 44-A includes in its roster A/C Wolf, Lester W., and we are not fooling.

Honestly, if the movie talent scouts ever

come to Riddle there wouldn't be any of those beautiful creatures left. I mean the Cadets of course.

And then A/C Bellis climbed out of the Link. "Why, that's easy, I don't see how anyone could get dizzy in a simple machine like that," said he, falling on his face.

### First Rule

One of the first rules of a newspaper is never to use the columns for personal reasons. Because of this, it is impossible for me to thank the young lady who finally smiled. However, some day that rule will be broken and I'll thank the gal who sits so calmly by the window.

Maybe your War Bond will buy the last bullet.

## MOST ACCIDENTS ARE PILOT ERROR

The United States today is turning out more airplanes than all the rest of the world combined.

This was the conviction expressed by President Roosevelt at a recent press conference in which he estimated 1944 production at one billion, 417 million pounds of airplanes of all types.

It's the job of the Army Air Forces to see that these planes reach their final objective. To do this pilots must be trained and the

planes must be flown to the advanced posts where they are needed. Sabotage of this program cannot be tolerated any more than can sabotage be tolerated in the factory or in the mine.

Accidents, we know, are the worst enemy agent we have in our midst. Accidents are the saboteurs which destroy morale and cause rejoicing in the enemy camp.

What causes accidents?

In 70 percent of all accidents the pilot erred in some way. Most such errors were the result of pure carelessness.

The pilot may have the courage of Superman, the training of Joe Louis, but unless he concentrates those talents on the job at hand—the intricate task of flying his plane, he and his plane may never reach the Berlin or Tokyo target.

Failure to check weather, running out of gas, landing with wheels up, flying too low while doing acrobatics, failure to secure safety belt, and failure to check parachute are good examples of carelessness.

Don't let carelessness cheat you from playing a part in final victory.

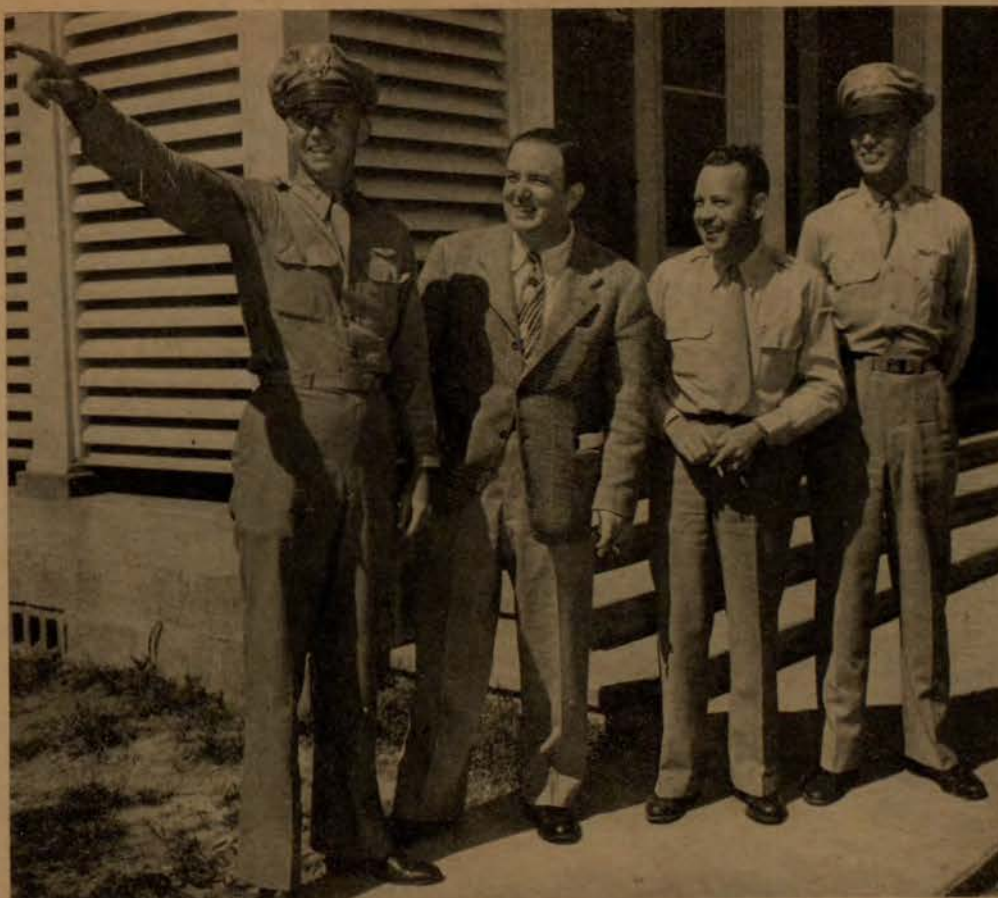
### TWO STRIPES

There is the story of two WAACS who puzzled over a dead animal they saw at the roadside.

"It has two stripes," said one.

"That settles it," said the other. "It is either a skunk or a corporal."

## THE BIG BOSSES AT EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD



At the left is the retiring Commanding Officer of Embry-Riddle Field, Maj. Charles Breeding, standing beside Capt. Len Povey, Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations. Next is T. E. "Boots" Frantz, General Manager of Embry-Riddle Field, and on the extreme right is Maj. Charles Parsons, new Commanding Officer.



## THE YOUNGER SET

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VESTALS'  
"KID"  
PARTY



R. A. I.



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When the Rod Vestals gave a "kid" party at Carlstrom a short while ago, the guests arrived as pictured above. Top, from left to right: Rod Vestal, Nate Reece, George Mackie, Len Povey and Roscoe Brinton were the "boys" of the party. Upper left are the hostess and host, Mary Helen and Rod Vestal with their young son, Roddy. Just below to the right are the little girls: Merry Lou Pirman, Jerry Reece, Lydia Sammon, Kay Bramlitt and Ila Lightfoot. The lower picture shows the party en masse.

## JACK SCHOPENHAUER IS MAINTENANCE CHIEF AT CARLSTROM FIELD

by R. W. Gray, Jr.

Our new superintendent arrived from Clewiston last week. We welcome Jack Schopenhauer as our new boss. Although we haven't had much of a chance to corner him, we have found out this much: Schopenhauer, a Hollander by birth, was living in New York when he learned of the Riddle Aeronautical Institute.

He arrived at Carlstrom Field in the early part of 1941 when the RAI was an infant. Later in that same year he was transferred to Clewiston to take over the duties of Engineering Hangar Chief and subsequently Assistant to Mr. Hutson.

### Lightened Burden

The Maintenance department has been greatly enlarged. The Overhaul department was burdened with its job of keeping 'em flying, so to relieve them a group of mechanics was appointed to do minor repairs and 25 hour inspections.

They are: James A. Akins, Claude C. Albritton, Johnnie C. Brown, John D. Denham, Harris R. Edwork, Barney Wm. Hollingsworth, Jr., Walter O. Price, James T. Simmons and Sammie Wilkins.

PT 17s have to be cranked by hand, the wheels checked and windshields cleaned. They are led in and out and also they are flagged in off of the field, so a sizeable crew of linemen and linewomen has been employed. If you don't believe they have important jobs, just follow a good one some day.

### The Line-up

The linemen and linewomen include: Boscom Albritton, Calvin Albritton, James E. Albritton, Grody L. Aliman, Frank Baldwin, Jr., Samuel R. Borbee, Mary Opal Barger, Harold A. Bates, Phillip E. Bates, M. Flimore Boxtey, Violet Ovela Beeles, Griff Bennett, Jessie Lee Bennett, Woodrow, Brentley, Ada Mae Brown, Almata Tyler Brown.

Willie H. Brown, William Byrd, Allen M. Calder, Jr., Hugh R. Cassels, Richard L. Chancey, Leo Coker, George E. Combs, Francis E. Daniels, John D. Davis, Murray Davis, Clyde R. Dunn, Iona I. Dunn, Levi Dyal, Frederick L. Finch, John H. Flint, Jr., Jefferson D. Fort, Malcome Fort, Edward Cross, Jessie James Hall, Charles F. Hamilton, Paul G. Henderson, Elizabeth L. Hendry, Gordan Higginbotham, Albert Perry Hollingsworth, Robert Horne and Walter Horne.

The above mentioned are about half of the linemen and linewomen. Next week we will mention the rest.

The other day I stuck my head in the door of the mechanics' locker room, located in Hangar No. 5. Charles Lynch was about to give a lecture to a group of linemen preparing to take an examination for CAM



## FLIGHT TROUBLES



... wonder which direction the wind's from?  
—Mickey Lightholder

certificates, and I happened to hear that some lady had recently married a lineman—poor girl.

One of the sportsman mechanics in Hangar No. 2 was informing some of the other mechanics that he was planning to go fishing some place this week-end, so the "Rev." Paul Sloans was called forth to offer a prayer for his success.

"Oh! Help him to catch a fish so big that even I when telling about it will have no need to lie. Amen."

## YOUNG PILOT GIVES ADVICE

"Keep your mind on your plane at all times and try to anticipate ahead of time what the next move will be."

That advice comes from a pilot young in years but old in experience—a pilot with 7,000 hours as barnstormer, test pilot, commercial airliner and Army flyer. It can be accepted with the knowledge that its author knows whereof he speaks.

When the gas in one tank gets low, it's time to check the position of the switch on the reserve tank. Don't wait for the engine to sputter and then begin a fumbling search for the right lever. That's just a simple example but it explains the point.

Mentally tabulate all the things which must be done to land before you reach the landing field. Then in case of emergency you don't have to stop and think "Now what have I forgotten?"

The same can be said of the take-off—go over that check list, check everything that must be checked before you taxi onto the runway. As the experienced pilot who gave the advice above said:

"Plan your trip and know where you are going and when you expect to get there; then if an emergency occurs, you'll know where you are and what to expect."

That's keeping ahead of your plane—that's the way to reach your final objective, Victory.

## A-C FROST FREEZES ALL CARLSTROM FISH

Cadet Roger Frost proved there is something in a name as he froze out all comers in the Class 43-K swimming meet. Frost, a native of Long Island, totaled 17 points out of a possible 21 in crowning himself King Neptune of the Carlstrom pool.

Although he shattered no records, Frost registered good time in all three events, winning first in the 100 yard free style with .64, first in the back stroke with .35, and second in the breast stroke.

Frost swam three years for Jamaica High School, co-captaining his team 1937-38. Swarthmore College, Pa. was the next scene of his triumphs, and there he churned the water four years, serving as captain 1940-41 and as co-captain 1941-42 in addition to setting new college and pool records. He also participated in Lacrosse four years at Swarthmore, being named All-Pennsylvania attack in 1941, and starred two years on the gridiron.

### Kirk Stars

Second in the meet with 13 points was Lt. L. Kirk John, student officer from Coakesville, Pa. John registered a second in the 100 yard free style, and a third in the breast stroke. A great swimmer even in his high school days when his team won the state championship in 1937, John also starred two years in soccer and track at Coakesville high.

Cadet Richard Dinmore, a Honolulu boy, placed third with a 12 point total. Having become a great swimmer on the Punahou Academy team in the land of waving palms, Dinmore copped first in the breast stroke with .34:7, and third in the back stroke. He

also formerly participated on the U. of California swimming and boxing teams.

The physical training department now enjoys its full force again as Harold Treadway returned from N.C.O.P.T.I.S. of Miami Beach to jump from Corporal to Staff Sergeant, and Lt. E. L. Haring rejoined the fold after a 15 day leave.

## ONE YEAR AGO TODAY AT CARLSTROM FIELD

One year ago today at Carlstrom Field . . . Capt. George Ola and Ruth Pemberton are married in Lakeland . . . the engagement of Lettie Stonebraker and Capt. Sid (Doc) Nethery is announced . . . the marriage to take place in August.

Drex and Gladys Poynter are hounds at bowling in the local alleys . . . Lydia Sammons is leading lady bowler . . . Grind School League being organized . . . Jack Hobler as scorer keeper with the following as pin knockers-over: Joe Woodward, Roy Sterling, Harry Newnan, Stinque Moser and Sid Pfluger.

Joe Woodward's best gal, Edith Doenges, down from Baltimore . . . Anchors Aweigh heard sung at an Army Post to the horror of the gals in the Administration building.

Assistant Athletic Director Leslie Douglas sports Second Lieutenant's bars . . . Private First Class Busby of the Dispensary now a Corporal.

Les Lewis, old timer in Miami Aviation, is introduced as divisional foreman in Overhaul at Carlstrom.

Sid Pfluger writes story headed "What is this Ground School, Anyway?"

Riddle "Family Theatre" features "The Melody Lingers On."



We really shouldn't put Kay Bramlitt into the Dog House for failing to get Carlstrom Carrousel in this week. We know she has been busy with this Enlisted Reserve business. Maybe we should get a duplex and put Nate Reece in with her, for we suspect that he should have advised us of Kay's busy state.



# DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitmall

The Editorial Staff of the Fly Paper met in Clewiston last Friday and we all saw what the other fellow looked like. We took



Jack

a definite liking to each other and had a swell time. Our roommate was none other than Bill Waters of the Seaplane Base in Miami. Bill is one swell fellow and one of the out-washingist guys I have ever met—every time I couldn't find him, all I had to do was look in the shower. He doesn't snore either; that was "Ding-Dong" Bell. All we hope is that Bill is a better typist than we are, though we doubt it; in fact, we think we're really improving.

## Thanks

Wonder if "Cookie" gave Sterling Camden all the messages we sent to him. We want to thank "Boss" Riddle for the opportunity to meet all the rest of the gang.

Dorr Field was well represented at the Carlstrom Dance last Saturday night. George Young may be little but should have been a whirling dervish. We didn't know 'till we saw it but Floyd Cullers is right graceful on the dance floor.

Personally, we always dance on someone else's feet now that shoe leather is rationed. That's right, blame it all on us should Kay Bramlitt be a cripple for a day or two. It was our dainty little two-and-a-half's that did it—that two-and-a-half is two cowhides and a half bushel of nails.

## The Army Side

Congratulations to Lt. Gailey on being able to wear a silver bar instead of the gold one.

Too bad that Lt. Anderson won't be here for the Dorr Field Dance on July 24th; we were hoping that we could persuade him to do his famous act. However, our new Athletic Officer, Lt. Sam Pinion, has an act that ought to be worth seeing. He says he can bulldoze and hog-tie "Buttercup" in 30 seconds flat. We hear that Capt. Palmer is gargling with salt water every morning getting ready for his grand opera.

Lt. Rubertus is in the Infirmary this week—the only complaint we heard from him was the shortage of the weaker sex as nurses.

## The Short Snorter's Log

The uniforms are here—C.O.D. We just can't wait to see the gold epaulettes on Sharkey.

Jackie Pickens of the Time department is all smiles this week. Thursday at the Baptist Church in Arcadia she'll become the bride of Arthur Villar, who is an Instructor at the Auxiliary Field. You see,

folks, just what potent power that good old Egyptian Love Potion has—best of luck to the both of them from both the Fields.

Don't forget the Dance at Dorr Field Saturday, July 24th—admission \$1.00 per person. Tickets are on sale at the front gate at Dorr and Kay Bramlitt has them at Carlstrom. Transportation both ways, but don't forget, the last bus leaves the Field at 1:00 a.m. Sunday.

To'ably Yours,  
Jack.

## A-1 in the Army

I was one of those fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing that was: I fought and fought—but I had to go anyway.

I was called in Class A. The next time I want to be in Class B—be here when they go and be here when they come back.

I remember the day I registered. I went up to the desk and the man in charge was my milkman. "What's your name?" he barked. So I told him, "August Childs." He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine."

## FRUDA AND LATHAN ARE DECORATED

We have heard that Ronald Fruda (now 1st Lt. and formerly Flight Instructor at Dorr Field) has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross while on duty in India. Also, one of Carlstrom's graduates of Class 41-I was awarded the Air Medal for meritorious service in India—1st Lt. Allan Lathan.

He asked me where I was born and I said, "Pittsburgh." Then he said, "Where did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was so I told him 25 on the first of September. He said, "The first of September you will be in Australia and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I would live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card "Flying Corps(e)." I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind blew in." I said, "Wind nothing, the draft is doing it."

On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as

*Continued on next page*



Shoot 'im, Pop. He's Got Shoes On!



## PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL

by Lt. Edward H. Johnson

*In the busy, dry surroundings of this—our  
Pre-Flight School*

*Where days are long and weary and  
nights are seldom cool.*

*We run the Burma Road and sweat at calis-  
thenics;*

*At night we stay in and buck to pass our  
academics.*

*In the morning we have physics, code and  
aircraft recognition.*

*But the time we look forward to is the  
noon hour intermission;*

*'Cause then we lunch and get our mail—  
Ah! what an inspiration,*

*Then settle down for bunk fatigue 'till  
the one o'clock formation.*

*We used to be off from one to three but this  
only went on a few days*

*For they soon decided to spoil our time  
in several assorted ways:*

*First it was high altitude lectures, then we  
had Air Corps regulations,*

*After that came chemical warfare and  
field set demonstrations.*

*We had Saturday inspections, waiting lines  
and such*

*But most of us were used to that so it  
didn't bother much.*

*I only mention our camp life which seems  
rather dull and flat.*

*Now, there's another side to the story—  
but we won't talk about that.*

*Now as we go to Primary—our next step-  
ping stone to wings*

*We'll show by test we're as good as the  
best; by God, we'll get those wings!*

### A-1 IN THE ARMY

*Continued from preceding page*

you are in it you think you can fight any-  
body. They have two sizes—too small and  
too large. The pants are so small I can't  
sit down; the shoes are so big I turned  
around three times and they didn't move.

What a raincoat they gave us; it strained  
the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up  
with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said,  
calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uni-  
form?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking  
about? Look what they gave me."

### G-I Headache

Oh! It was nice—five below one morning  
when they called us out for underwear in-  
spection. You talk about scenery—red  
flannels, B.V.D.'s, and all kinds. The union  
suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The  
Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand  
up. I said, "I am up, Sir. This underwear  
makes you think I am sitting down." He  
got so mad he put me out to digging a  
ditch. A little later he passed and said,  
"Don't throw that dirt up here." I said,  
"Where am I going to put it?" He said,  
"Dig another hole and put it in there."

Three days later we sailed for Australia.  
Marching down the pier I had some more  
luck. I had a Sergeant who stuttered and



PASS THE BASIC TRAINER!

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it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27  
of us marched overboard. They pulled us  
out and lined us up on the pier and the  
Captain came by and said "fall in." I  
said, "I have been in, Sir."

I was on the boat for 12 days—seasick  
for 12 days. Nothing going down and every-  
thing coming up. Leaned over the rail all  
the time. In the middle of my best lean,  
the Captain rushed up and said, "What  
company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by  
myself." He said, "Has the Brigadier come  
up yet?" I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up."  
Talk about dumb people. I said to one of  
the fellows, "I guess we dropped the an-  
chor." He replied, "I knew they would lose  
it—it's been hanging out ever since we left  
New York."

Well, we landed in Australia. We were  
immediately sent to the trenches. After  
three nights in the trenches the cannons  
started to roar and the shells started to  
pass. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried  
to hide behind a tree, but there wasn't room  
enough for the officers.

### Who's Will?

The Captain came around and said,  
"Five o'clock and we go over the top." I  
said, "Captain, I'd like to have a word with  
you." He said, "Well, what is it?" I said,  
"I'd like to have a furlough." He said,  
"Haven't you any red blood in you?" I  
said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it." Five  
o'clock we went over the top. Ten thousand

Japs came at us. The way they looked at  
me you'd think I was the one who started  
the War. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will."  
But I didn't know any of their names. I  
guess the fellow behind me thought I was  
Will. He fired his gun and shot me in  
the excitement.

### WASHINGTON FABLE

"Save me! Save me!" cried the drown-  
ing man.

A newcomer to Washington hurried to  
the edge of the Potomac River, and when  
he saw the man's head reappear, shouted:  
"Do you live here?"

"Save me first. We can talk later," sput-  
tered the unwilling bather as he went down  
again.

"You'd better tell me your address; this  
is your last chance," the other called from  
dry land.

In no mood for argument, the drowning  
man managed to gurgle out the information  
before he went down a third time. There-  
upon the witness raced to the address which,  
as he had hoped, was that of a rooming  
house. "I'd like to rent your vacant room,"  
he gasped to the owner.

"There's no vacancy here," she told him.  
"Oh, yes, there is," he insisted. "One of  
your tenants just drowned in the Potomac."

"I know it," the landlady replied. "The  
gentleman who pushed him in has already  
taken his room!"



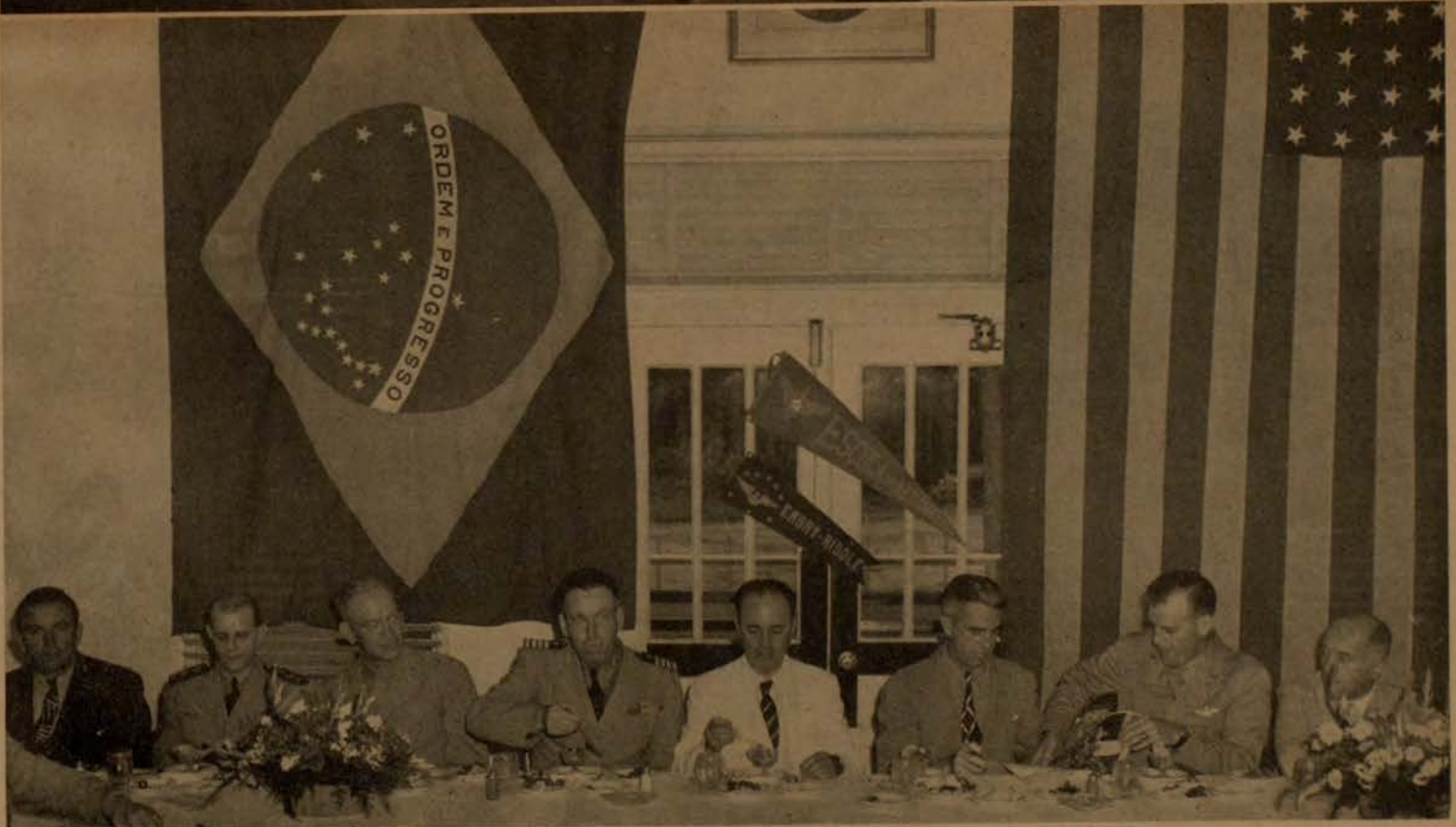
## Brazilian Air Minister Tours Miami Divisions



The top picture was taken at the Coliseum when the Brazilian Air Minister, Joaquim Pedro Salgado, Jr. made a tour of inspection of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation with members of his Staff, Army and Navy officers and officials of Embry-Riddle Company. Seven minutes after Charles C. Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division, clicked the shutter of his camera, a 16 by 20 print was presented to Dr. Salgado and was autographed by all the members of the party. The lower picture, taken outside of the hangar at Engine Overhaul, shows Brig. Gen. Hall, Dr. Salgado, Mr. Riddle and Capt. Brady.



## and Lunches at the Tech School With Notables



In the upper picture the Brazilian Air Minister, Joaquim Pedro Salgado, Jr., is listening intently to Adriano Ponso during the inspection of the Instrument Overhaul at the Colonnade, while other members of the party look on. The lower picture, taken in the Cafeteria at the Tech School, are, left to right, Capt. Len Povey, Vice-president in Charge of Flying Operations; Col. Armando Ararigboia, Air Attache to the Brazilian Embassy; Col. Charles G. Mettler of the U. S. Army; Capt. Edmund Brady who represented Secretary of the Navy Knox; Dr. Salgado and John Paul Riddle; Brig. Gen. W. E. Hall, representing Gen. H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces; and Brazilian Consul General Alfredo Polzin, stationed in Miami.



# COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Pennoyer

Things are looking a little more normal on the first floor since Rae Lane has returned from her vacation . . . of course we liked having Dee Miller pinch-hitting for Rae and wish their boss, "Webb" Webster, would decide that we need both of them down here.



Helen

Poor Kay Weidman had a time digging up news for me this week . . . many of our friends upstairs are on their vacations. I was in hopes that she would be able to tell me they had all returned, but no . . . another has left. This time it is Fletcher Gardner, head of Accounts Payable. He hasn't gone too far away, however, so we can expect him back very soon.

Now that Buzz Cooper is no longer with us, I had been expecting to welcome a new gentleman into our fold as Chief Link Instructor. I went back to the Link room to learn all and who should I find in Buzz' place but Corinne Philips . . . the selection is a good one, everyone will agree, and to see a member of the fairer sex capable of holding a position such as Corinne's makes the rest of us feel very proud.

## Whisked Away

Helene Jacobsen's husband has returned from Brazil to take her away from us. Taking her place as secretary in the Link department is Mary Arrington whose husband is a Navigation student at the University . . . Welcome, Mary.

We also welcome Selma Alexander to the Colonnade as Link Instructor Trainee. Selma has been with the company for several months as an Instructor at the Coliseum . . . we are all hoping that you will like being here as much as you did over there, Selma.

The following was copied from the bulletin board in the Personnel department:

## Notice

All Personnel Employees!

Let it be hereby known that one Margaret

*De Pamphilis has deserted her friends to lunch with a mysterious man. If this action be noted again in public, she will be excommunicated immediately by her friends.*

(Signed) Herr Mullis

Heavens, with men as scarce as they are, I would say that the above is absolutely unpatriotic . . . hold on to him, Margaret, don't let Herr Mullis bluff you.

I was all set to welcome our Personnel Director, Emmitt Varney, and Employment Manager, Donald Peck, back after a tour of the Fields, but before I had a chance to see Mr. Varney he had taken off again . . . well, Mr. Peck has decided to stay with us for a while, so welcome back.

## CAFETERIA STAFF DESERVES APPLAUSE

When the Brazilian Air Minister, Dr. Salgado, was entertained at luncheon in the Tech School Cafeteria last Sunday, few realized that the beautifully served repast was the result of hard work done by a few for an unexpected many.

Malcolm Byrnes and Mrs. Grace Simpson, Steward and Assistant Steward, and Chef Toby Lanier deserve much praise for the perfect job they did in preparing and serving a luncheon long to be remembered by the 61 guests.

## Appropriate Motifs

To Mrs. Simpson, aside from innumerable other duties, goes the credit for the beautifully decorated tables with the red, blue and yellow for our Brazilian guests, and the red, white and blue of the United States. She and Mr. Byrnes deserve thanks for their smoothly running, perfectly organized Cafeteria staff.

Others who came to the fore to help fete our honored guests were Assistant Stewards W. W. Sayles and Harold Soper and waitresses Nellie Raysor, Cheryl Otis, Hattie Keye, Vera Byrd, Ella Moore, Leah Butler and Peggy Hyde.

## MR. VARNEY ELECTED

Emmitt B. Varney, personnel director, has been elected president of the newly organized Personnel Management Association. Donald Peck, also of Personnel, and Benjamin W. Turner of the Legal department are associate members of the organization.

Other officers are: Edward W. Baker of Consolidated Vultee, vice-president; Warren C. Gilbert of Eastern Airlines, second vice-president; Harry Ebright of the Florida Power and Light Company, secretary; and R. G. Williams of the Maule Industries, treasurer.

## MARTY WARREN PROMOTED

Marty C. Warren, Aviation Advisor to Women, will work in conjunction with the Sales department and will report directly to James E. Blakeley.



Newest project of Miss Warren is a dormitory for women students. Situated in Coral Gables at 235 Majorca, it will house thirty-two girls to each apartment.

A house mother will be on hand at all times, and one

apartment will remain vacant to accommodate visiting relatives and friends.

Further information can be obtained from Miss Warren at the Technical School.

## BOWLING

A lot of enthusiasm marked the opening of the Embry-Riddle League at Brunswick Bowland. The bowlers took to the pleasant new surroundings and a good time was had by all.

The league leading Cincinnati Five took the measure of Transportation in two of their three games. Joe Keenan was the big scorer for the league leaders with a set of 527, while Andy Godfrey paced the losers with 457. Chapman Field No. 1 took two of the three games from Administration. Using a borrowed bowler in the person of Gordon Bowen, who knocked over 501 pins, they came through in the second and third games.

Jack Riley of Administration was high man with a 461 set, and an outstanding third game of 204. The Gremlins also won two of their three games from the Coliseum Amps. This leaves them in a tie for second place with the Chapman Field team.

Continued on opposite page

## THE ALERT

You can obtain your copy of the *Alert*, pictorial magazine depicting the life of "Joe Jeep," in the stockroom at the Tech School.

The clever magazine, published by Basic Training Center No. 4, Miami Beach, is priced at 50c. Free of charge you will be given a stamped envelope in order that you may send your copy home.

"Joe Jeep's" experiences during his life with Uncle Sam take you rollicking through page after page of snappy pictures and whimsical descriptions. the *Alert* is a "must" among Wartime publications. We enjoyed it, and we know you will.



## ARMY AIR DEPOT DETACHMENT

Aircraft Overhaul—"20th and 8th"—our "Cook's Tour" for this week. Another off-spring of the Aircraft and Engine Division. Here we find our Army Inspectors . . . E. T. "Dunc" Duncan and Willie Abrams . . . and we find them with grins . . . always. Good-humored . . . but intent on their jobs of inspecting every operation closely. They follow a wing, spar, aileron, or whatever else they work on through every operation . . . so you can be sure that when the work goes out of there . . . it's good!

### Final Assembly

We'll wander through the shop and get a faint idea of what goes on . . . for some strange reason we arrive at final assembly first. Here are wings being finished off with cat walks and having their inspection plates attached. Metal wings nearing completion with the white star in the blue circle carefully being painted on . . . and of course the ever curious human who must stick his finger in the paint to see if it is dry! Wonder what will get it off my finger?

This hubbub of activity is the Wood Work department. They manufacture spars . . . these are inspected and initialed, for, of all things, even grains of wood! Here this girl at a table is cutting out jig saw puzzles . . . look at all the different odd shaped pieces . . . no . . . they are "gussets" which brace the wing at strategic points.

### Wooden Spider Webs

Row on row of wings on wooden "horses" . . . without the fabric . . . elaborate network of spider webs of wood . . . delicate to look at . . . of thin pieces of wood . . . you just can't imagine that these things fly . . . but they do . . . and safely!

Women's hands here do the work as competently as the men in repairing these wings. For instance . . . Pat Robinson . . . a dainty young miss indeed . . . but a veteran of the shop. There are a lot of wings laid out that are being worked on . . . but here are stacks and stacks ready for the workers. Plenty of work here. Quick! Watch that girl handle that wrench there!

A pilot need not be afraid to fly the plane

that wing goes on. These people are to be admired. Lots of ailerons stacked up too . . . they all look like metal for they are painted with aluminum paint . . . the fabric is stretched so tight it gives a metal appearance. You actually have to thump one to learn that it is not metal.

### Fabric Department

This nice air conditioned room is where the women sew on the fabric with deft fingers. Needles of all sizes flying. Neat, precise stitches. Long needles handled by two women, one on each side of the wing. It's still amazing how they get the fabric to fit the wings and ailerons so perfectly.

The Doping Room is where they apply the dope to the stitches, pulling the fabric even tighter . . . if that is possible . . . and it is, though it is hard to see. They cover the stitches with tape and dope them on. Mostly women here too, working silently and unceasingly. Those wires hanging from the ceiling are ground wires for protection from fire.

We can only go to the door of the Paint Shop . . . for here they are spraying aluminum paint on the wings, etc. . . . and wouldn't you look nice sprayed from head to toe in silver?

### Sheet Metal

The Sheet Metal Shop repairs difficult metal parts. The finished product looks like new and I defy you to find the part that was damaged. Girls here do the riveting. They are so nonchalant about it . . . but do it so capably. Leo Courson, foreman, reigns supreme here, and he shouldn't have much trouble . . . all pretty girls . . . and "not so dumb!" The man over there looking at the wings is Mr. Benson, supervisor of the Sheet Metal department.

We now come to the door of the Embry-Riddle offices . . . so in we go to say hello to Don Martin, Production Control . . . Miss Murphy, Don's capable assistant and Miss Linford, secretary to Mr. Cornell, Supervisor of Aircraft Overhaul. We won't disturb Mr. C. in his private office, as he is busy.



Lastly we go back to the Inspector's office and find the Army Stockroom on the other side where our George Graves is working diligently. The bins are filled with mysteriously wrapped items, but he seems to know just what they are. So we wave a grateful farewell . . . and exit.

### BOWLING

*Continued from opposite page*

Brosious of the Gremlins was their high scorer with a very fine set of 523. Dixon topped the losers with 413.

Aircraft defeated the Coliseum Volts in two out of three games to put them fourth in the league standings. Cecil Cook was their high scorer in the match with 478 pins, including a very fine third game of 216. Captain Ed Hadden of the losers turned in the high set of 540. He had a particularly fine first game of 209. The Piston Pins nosed out Military Engines by taking two of their three games. Frank Perry was their mainstay, using a 223 first game to run himself into a 472 set.

Humphrey Helm was top for the Engines with 408. Chapman Field No. 2 took the measure of the Sandblasters in two of their three games. Tiny Davis, with a 472, was their best man, while Lester Dunn of the Sandblasters posted a 447. There will be a feature match this week between Chapman Field No. 1 and the Cincinnati Five, which may have a great bearing on the outcome of the league.

The Little League got off to a great start when Corpo Di Baco 6-7/8, whose name is arousing the curiosity of all the spectators and opposing bowlers, defeated Instrument Overhaul in three close games, the second of which ended in a tie and had to be played off. The Continentals from Engine Overhaul took the measure of Purchasing in two of their three games.

### COLISEUM WINS AWARD FOR SECOND TIME



Michael Lojinger, center, department head of the Coliseum, proudly accepts the Embry-Riddle Efficiency Award a second time on behalf of his staff. From left to right are: Ralph B. Woodmansee, senior instructor elementary aircraft electricity; Mark L. Albury, senior instructor aircraft electrical; K. Carl Morgan, senior instructor engine electrical; Michael H. Lojinger; Samuel H. Schlappich, senior instructor basic shopwork; Jean G. Helvey, senior instructor elementary engines; and Clarence Boultinghouse, senior instructor basic air corps fundamentals.



## KEEP WORKING STOP TALKING

from Col. Don L. Hutchins  
Air Corps District Supervisor

The Axis, forced into defensive strategy—their "blitz" halted, still holds a powerful and dangerous weapon. Knowing this weapon is deadlier than bombs or torpedoes, the Axis is firing it—full blast—24 hours per day—at each of us Allies!

Propaganda — lies — rumors — false reports—gossip. We have been warned many times to beware of enemy propaganda. Most of us do try to watch for it, but the danger of Axis-inspired propaganda is that the coating is so sugary we often swallow the rumor—whole—before we realize the pill is a deadly poison.

Divide the United Nations is the Axis goal. Turn us against each other to make us lose our combined strength. The dictators are devilishly clever because they always pick a sore spot in our Allied makeup and then pounce on it! To England goes a Nazi broadcast, "Be careful of the grasping Americans. They will take your colonies from you after the war is over." To America Goebbels says: "Why do you let your fine young men die for Britain? England is only using you to protect her Empire." To Russia the Japs say: "Why fight on the side of the capitalistic, self-seeking democracies?"

### Stop Listening

To anyone who will listen—the Axis whispers: "Did you hear the real story of Allied losses in Africa?" or "Be careful of the rich. They are making huge profits out of this war and will sell out to the side that wins!" or "Why do you in America trouble yourselves over a European problem? What do you Yankees care about the French, Chinese or Danes?"

Propaganda—sinister—dangerous. We must be on guard against it as constantly as aircraft spotters watch for enemy bombers. A foreign plane, getting past our anti-aircraft defenses, might drop a few bombs, causing thousands of dollars worth of damage. But one well-planted enemy lie can, by spreading, disrupt our morale and cause damage to lives and production beyond the million dollar mark!

How to fight enemy propaganda? Bullets, depth charges or ack-ack fire are powerless against rumor. You can blast enemy lies to bits by following this rule: Do not listen, believe or repeat. Don't be a sucker by falling for Axis propaganda. When you hear a juicy rumor, you can be almost positive it started in Berlin or Tokyo. So don't believe and don't repeat.

Keep on working. Stop talking!

### FIRST ARTICLE OF WAR

Don't trifle  
With your rifle.



This ought to teach you not to fly so low  
over the Everglades

### PFC. WHITENER AT TECH

Pfc. Clarence H. Whitener, who was class leader of 15-43-E, stopped in for a short visit last week. Following are a few of the highlights of a very interesting conversation.

Clarence reports that all the boys who left here with him are still together and working on the line doing a fine job. They are assigned to a carrier transport outfit and have 13 planes to service.

Every man is very grateful for the training he received here at Embry-Riddle and each and every one of them sends his thanks and best regards to all his Instructors.

Clarence also asked that this message be passed out to all the students in training: "Tell all the boys to get everything they can, to sacrifice some of those wasted evenings and use them for studying. They will never regret it."



Jackson there has his own ideas  
on Jungle Warfare

## Former Students Write Teachers

"I am assigned to the hangar, building up engines for installation. It is the P. & W. 2800 hp. engine. I like the field a lot—it's a new camp and everything is clean.

"I went for a ride in a plane Sunday afternoon; we were gone a little better than five hours and I think we went all over Texas. Monday afternoon they put on a show for a General and thirty-six planes came over in waves of nine planes each. It was a sight, but what a racket! They came over quite low and then circled and came over one at a time, one behind the other. Those babies were really moving.

"Again I wish you luck and success and tell the boys to learn all they can because they will need it. It surely has been a help to me."

The above is an excerpt from a letter to William W. Nolting of the Coliseum from Pfc. Gayer E. Lanier, a graduate of 15-43-A.

"We left Chicago June 19 (Feldman, Favata and I are still together) and came here to General Mitchell Field just outside the city of Milwaukee, Wisc.

"The three of us have been recommended as flight engineers and now are waiting for our assignments. The last A.M.C. class out of Embry-Riddle arrived at this Field last week and are to be sent out for special airlines training, the same as that we had in Chicago.

"When I left Chicago, the United Airlines offered me a wonderful opportunity as an employee, and I promised to keep in touch with them. When I have a chance I'll go back and see what they have to offer. We also learned a lot there and they too were a grand bunch of fellows to work with.

"Best regards to all our Instructors and thanks for everything."

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Harmer of the Electrical department from Pfc. Fritz Edlund, a graduate of 4-43-AMC who is now stationed in Wisconsin.

"I am sorry I haven't written sooner but I have been busy. I am feeling swell and hope this letter finds you the same as ever. I am in Australia now. The rest of the fellows are not with me.

"We get plenty to eat and can go into town nights. I like it here because I get a chance to learn a lot. I got my first pay here in Australian money. Give my regards to all."

Editor's Note: The above is a letter to Mr. Boultinghouse from Pvt. Frank Alkainis who was graduated with 3-43D. Pvt. Alkainis is now overseas.



# CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

Another week gone quickly by and here we sit wondering where it went and why so fast. Everyone is tearing around like mad here and the whirling wheels of progress must be heard far above the clouds.



"Cookie"

Elementary Class 43-I has come and gone, thus adding another chapter to the Navy Flight Training program sponsored by the CAA War Training Service. Following the Elementary is the Intermediate Course which provides for a minimum of 18 hours in Primary Trainers and includes all those who successfully complete their first course. In this connection, we wish to welcome back to the Field the fellows in our new Intermediate Class, to be officially known as 44-A.

## No Advertising

With the exception of commercial advertising, you fellows are cordially invited to submit any and all items of interest to ye editor. Cartoons in India ink will be appreciated especially. (Which reminds me, Pat Wolfe, you have an obligation to pay. Give mit the cartoons of Chapman Antics on the Baseball Diamond.)

A portion of our Elementary and all of our Intermediate Personnel are now on six-day furloughs between programs, going fishing, swimming and being merry. (Local S.S. Boards: I'm just kidding.) Those who haven't been carried bodily away by the

mosquitoes promise fish stories to end all fish stories.

"Hairless Joe" has a head start, however, with his "Banana Fishing" methods. Live bait being what it is, he says, you lure the fish out of the water with a live shrimp (put down that Line Boy) and quick in a flash plug up the hole with a non-rationed banana. Thusly the stranded fish will die and you'll still have your bait. Constant practice is guaranteed to insure perfection, providing madness has not already completely destroyed your brain.

## Voice of the Prophet

An answer has come from the deeper intellects and visualizing prophets as to what will remain of Chapman in 1950. They say that come fire, wind, or high water, there will always be a coke machine and Curly Narrow. Comforting thought.

Congratulations and all the trimmings to Martha Alexander on her recent engagement to PAA Pilot Charles Pankow. They have set an early date and we wish them all the good luck in the world. Who is that heckler who asks if Charlie knows that marriage is only a book length novel where the hero dies in the first chapter? Sure, he knows, but he's willing to take the consequences.

## "You Are My Sunshine"

Besides Martha there are many other bright and shining faces around the Field, such as Helen Webster, who was left speechless over the perfectly darling wristwatch her five fledglings gave her when they completed. They used the excuse that it was just because she was a darn swell Instructor. Pretty nice, huh?

Then there's Bridget Kulczyk of Maintenance who can hardly wait for that well earned vacation she has so carefully planned. And then there's Martha Brosnan who is extremely happy about her new Instrument rating. Congratulations. The rest of us are happy, too, because we just don't know any better.

## Helen Cavis

This week's interview is with Primary Flight Commander Helen Cavis who is number one on the Flight Instructor seniority list. Helen was born on September 25, 1913, in Boise, Idaho.

Flight Training consists of two refresher courses in Washington under C.P.T. when it was then open to girls. She received her Instructor's rating on April 15, 1941 and has over a total of 2,300 hours to date. Helen also holds a Secondary rating and an Instrument rating.

She was employed by Embry-Riddle Company on June 12, 1941 and has until now instructed on Elementary and Secondary programs. Her duties at present are to supervise instruction of Navy Cadets in her



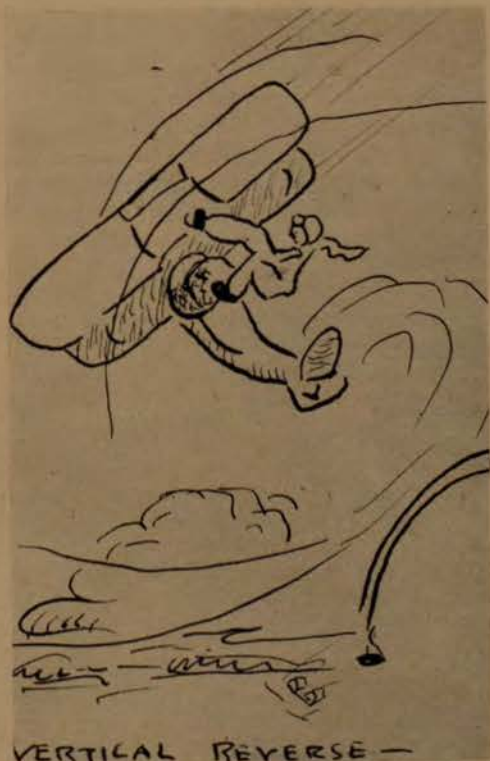
flight and give progress checks and final flight tests.

## One Dependent

Helen is well liked by her students and we often hear them exclaim, "She certainly is an A-1 pilot." I can remember one in particular who sung her praises to high heaven and all because of those wonderful slow rolls and acrobatic maneuvers.

Helen has one dependent, Hugo, our dachshund mascot. We tried to contact Hugo for a statement but he was much too busy annoying the litter of wild cats under Mr. Hadley's office (we lose more dogs that way). So we'll leave them all in peace (or pieces) until next week.

*With Violet cuddling in his arms,  
He drove his Ford—poor silly.  
Where once he clasped his Violet,  
There now is clasped a lily.*







by Gladys Goff

Special to the Engine Overhaul department: This humble reporter wishes to thank you for your kindness of last week and assures you that each

and every one of you holds a warm spot in her heart. Happiness and luck to you all!

Salutations and welcome to our new employees: Harold Solomon, Frank Cuning, Thomas Cox, Florence Ohi, Charles



"Gerry"

Mullikin, James French, Herbert Rosenbloom and Donald Graham.

#### What Is It?

Someone is always confusing Wally Tyler when he comes to Engine Overhaul. They told him the new sandblast cabinet was a barbecue oven. Now the boys are working on another mysterious-looking contraption and so they told Wally this one was a "cider mill." Looks kind of like a roulette wheel, too. We don't know what it really is, either, but we can guess it isn't either one of those two.

Bruce Hadley came up from Chapman Field to pay us a visit, and Mr. Horton was seen escorting Miss Helen Cavis, flying instructor from Chapman Field, around the plant. We're pretty popular today.

Engine Propwash: The Godfreys getting together for a quick "hello"; Mr. Edwards making change for all and sundry; Kathryn Bruce happy because "the fleet's in" again; the feminine touch has come to the Cleaning department, and Brady has installed traffic lanes; Jimmy Yacullo busier than the proverbial bee.

#### Pixies Again

Mr. Grafflin trying to drink out of a cup with a hole in it ("pixies" again?) Nellie Diamond pinch-hitting in the Propeller department; "Shorty" Muzzio back from a short leave, ready for more punishment from the Final Assembly boys; the swanky—and we do mean swanky—sign on Gate No. 9.

Anxiety note from Magneto-Starter department: Lost, one Oscar, handsomely decorated, member of turtle family, probably stolen by jealous Crankcase department.

(Foregoing contribution by courtesy of "Sam, Sam, the Barbasol Man" Constance, Supervisor of the Turtle-Lovers.)

In regard to the Fly Paper party at Clewiston last week-end—we enjoyed it and we were surprised to find that as after-dinner speakers the whole crowd really excelled—such scintillating humor! Ah, me! Anyway, fellow reporters, we won't say any more, but suffice it to stand that a good time was had by all, and many, many thanks to Mr. Riddle and company for a grand time!

#### Doin' All Right

Beatrice Monroe is enjoying a short vacation and Otis Terrell has just returned from a short trip. Did we mention "Georgia Boy" Bayard's vacation and trip to Alabama? Did we say sumpin' about Engine Overhaulers getting around? Indeed they do!

Margaret Howell has transferred from Purchasing to learn the ropes in Mr. Grafflin's office, and very welcome she is, too! We might add that the Superintendent, liking red-heads, approves.

We are wondering just what is so interesting out in back of No. 2 building lately. Whatever it is has the complete attention of Messrs. Varier, Woodcock and Tubbs. Looks like a truck to us. Maybe the boys are going to solve the transportation problem (ha!).

See you next week!

#### INVITATION TO SUBMIT BID

Bids for the furnishing and installing of complete plumbing and electrical system in the Fly Paper Dog House will be considered by the undersigned, who expects to reside therein for an extended period of time.

Competent contractors are invited to obtain details and specifications from Emmitt B. Varney, Personnel department. (Unpaid advertisement)

Yours for a little good, clean fun.

Fred B. Foote

Assistant General Manager  
Aircraft & Engine Division

## Wing Flutter

by Otto H. Hemple, Jr.

Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, the battle of Appamattox; "Remember the Maine," the battle of the Argonne; Bataan; all famous battles. There is another, however, to add to the list. The battle of Clewiston is over.

The preliminary skirmish began about 4:15 p.m. on July 9th as the invading army advanced over the high road from Fort Riddle in Miami. As the move was expected, the enemy, entrenched firmly in the Clewiston Inn, was not taken by surprise and had enough food to withstand a long siege.

#### Foraging Party

The first maneuver was to send out a foraging party. After a brief rest and a change of uniform, a general assault was made on the quartermasters depot. Next scouting parties roamed the inner bastions of Fort Clewiston attacking with gusto, clamor and will.

At this time the stout defenders of the Inn mustered their forces and made one desperate stand which almost succeeded in ejecting the invaders from their positions. A rapid rally of the invading force and the attack was repulsed. At long last, the invaders settled down for a few hours rest, well protected by sentries.

#### Near Catastrophe

At the crack of dawn, with much work to be done, the troops were awakened by reveille. A few stragglers were almost caught when a dam above town was opened and the onrush of water caught them napping. Fortunately, they escaped with only a wetting. Again a sortie was made on the food supply with as much success as the night before.

After a minor skirmish at the enemy air depot, the invaders entered their mechanized units and returned to Fort Riddle in Miami.

Seriously, we enjoyed our trip immensely, especially the chance to meet our co-workers who are too apt to be just by-lines. We are looking forward with eager anticipation to the next meeting.

#### Gremlins On the Job

In our absence many things happened, but, as we have told you, our loyal helpers, the termites and gremlins, were on the job.

Summer and romance certainly work wonders these days. One of our newest employees came to work on the 9th of July, and at noon he was going out to lunch hand in hand with our youngest typist. Fast work. And after a month of trying, we can't even share a coca-cola with her. It must be age creeping up.

We have many new faces here and we take this opportunity to welcome into our midst W. R. Galvin, Jr., Richard Totten and W. C. Kinsey, Jr., in Final Assembly; James Collier, C. Burnet, J. C. Smith and



Ada Puckett in Sheet Metal; R. Adams and Alice Allman in Finishing; and Thomas Snaith in Plant Maintenance. May your stay with us be long and happy.

We were forced to place chivalry above the duties of the 4th estate today. We discovered one of our co-workers here is planning to take that fatal plunge, but she asked us not to reveal the fact nor the date until she gives the word. We will extend her our best wishes.

Mrs. Norelius in our sewing department claims she can't wait to get out of Miami and get back North. We have a bet with her that if she does go back for one winter up there she will return to Miami permanently.

#### First Aid Room

We are glad to report that our new first-aid room is now complete and ready for a job we hope it will never have to do. We have been tempted to collapse many times since we saw its comfortable looking bed.

The work here is all progressing with that settled routine pace. After some little confusion, the organization is making itself evident and the process is rapidly becoming smooth and sure.

We must express our appreciation to Mr. Cornell and Mr. DeShazo, Asst. General Manager and Overhaul Superintendent, respectively, for their untiring efforts on the behalf of the reorganization. It is quite apparent that they have not worked in vain.

Our belated appreciation to Aileen Starnier, Mary Murphy and Gunhild Johnson who lead the singing at our flag raising on the 3rd. Although it is a little late, it is nevertheless sincere.

## GYRO NOTES

by Walter Dick

We have been very busy as usual out here at Instrument Overhaul. To the writer the highlight of the past week was the party given the associate editors of this paper.

I know it is a mean thing to do, but just to make you a bit envious, here are a few highlights of the party. We assembled at Tech School at 1 p.m. Friday and shortly thereafter took off for Clewiston.

#### Stop at South Bay

A most delightful ride was made more so by songs from the gang and reciting of poems by Otto Hemple in his own characteristic manner. There was a stop for refreshments at South Bay; then on to Clewiston where we arrived, who cares what time, at the Clewiston Inn.

Nice place this Inn. People go there to fish and rest, we learned. Shortly after 7:30 a delightful dinner was served, photos by Charlie Ebbets assisted by Art Runhke, chit chat and stuff until . . .

At Clewiston we were joined by others from Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields—

*Continued on Page 19*

# ALLOVER OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

This bit of news really shouldn't be a surprise to any of us: Hazel Crews, our attractive blonde in Timekeeping, and Bob Priest, our Test Pilot, quietly slipped away Saturday night and joined hands in matrimony. Bob and Hazel are well known to most of us at Carlstrom and I'm quite sure that I speak for all when I say, "Our most hearty congratulations to both of you, Mr. and Mrs. Priest!"



Bleeka

Jeanne Mack celebrated her conquering of another year. Many happy returns of the day, Jeanne. Marion Stephens left Saturday night on a two weeks' trip to New York State to visit relatives. We shall miss her—braids, smile and all.

#### Snazzy Bonnet

Florrie Brewer is attending the wedding of her daughter, Estelle, this week. Pearl S. is sporting a snazzy new bonnet. Very becoming, Pearl.

Someone reports a lost Will and Testament and 'tis said that it's more interesting than the last Will of high school fame. Finder please return to hangar 1 and receive reward.

Congrats to Sgts. Hershperger, Livan-good and Treadway upon receiving their new stripes. Sorry I don't smoke cigars, boys. I hope I'm not speaking out of turn or stealing someone else's thunder but these boys are so well known and liked among the workers in Overhaul that we had to take the liberty of congratulating them upon their promotions.

#### Visiting in Orlando

Louise Crossley spent a few days in Orlando visiting her mother and her brother who is home from the army on furlough.

Frank Zeterouer back none the worse for wear, except for his new sun tan, after a week at the lakes. He returned with the wierdest of fish stories, some of which I could relate, but Frank's modesty will not permit more publicity. But he does say that anyone desiring lessons may get in touch with him in the Inspection department and the necessary arrangements will be made at once. Diploma guaranteed in six easy lessons.

We are happy to have Isaac Brooks (The good humor man) pushing the ice cream and drink wagon around. Knowing his past record of never missing a day, we know that he will always be on the job with drinks for all. Let's help him out, folks, by trying to have the correct change. Let's not pull any big bills on him.

The folks down in Hangar One want to know why Dave Pearce enters with a

broad grin on his face these days. They like it but are at a loss to know the reason.

What is it that comes to Hangar 1 and is soon gone but not forgotten? The answer next week.

At last some news from Dog Patch. Someone advises Daisy Mae M. to have her tonsils removed. Yokum Cross, the hard working engine wrecker, is busy with a hammer in one hand and a coke in the other. Pappy finds conversation lacking these days. Wonder if Hattie is the reason for the unusual politeness between Lanier and Skates.

#### Happy Days

Happy Days—Jeanne Mack is all smiles today—the reason being that the soldier sweetheart is now stationed in Ft Myers. Did you find a rabbit's foot, Jeanne? Louise Crossley is spending a few days in Orlando with her mother. Her brother of the armed forces is home on furlough. Mary and Earl Garrett spent the fourth at Hendricks Field in Sebring.

Sgt. D. F. Ponder, brother of this correspondent, and his wife are spending a few days at home. The Sgt. is a former Overhaul employee, prior to joining the Army.

#### Miamians Attend Rodeo

Not a person seems the worse for wear after spending a very exciting day at the Rodeo. Miami was well represented by "Joe" Horton, the Fly Paper editors, G. Ralph Kiel, members of the Transportation department, and a group from Tech.

Rames attended the Rodeo in full regalia, excluding horse, boots, spurs, etc. In other words, the regalia consisted of one yellow ten gallon hat picked up at Scholssberg's for the sum of sixty-nine cents. The bullet hole in it was received at no extra charge.

Helen Hill was busy at the Rodeo trying to persuade her horse to jump a ditch—without success.

George Mackey has been beckoned by Uncle Sam. We shall miss his cheerful greeting at the front gate. Good luck and best wishes, George.



Remember the old days when we had to yell for an office boy every time we had to change a typewriter ribbon?



# RIDDLE ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 1

If any stray AT's should come your way, please return them to Riddle Field as they are probably Course 14's solo cross-country ships. Cadet Egley says, "In the event of a forced landing, your vital actions should be (1) open canopy; (2) remove dentures and place them carefully in a crash proof box and carry on as usual."

## Here and There

A gala event took place at the Clewiston Inn last Friday when Wain, Vadah and all their Associate Editors got together for a dinner party. It was nice meeting some of the other pen-pushers, and before the evening was over, everyone was well acquainted with everyone.

Special guests were Cadets Peter Hardware and George Morse, Associate Editors of the Riddle Field column from the Senior Course. We were happy that the party was held in Clewiston and we hope that all these folks will come back for a repeat performance again in the near future.

Succeeding Mary Brink as secretary of the Co-Pilot's Club, and consequently replacing her as Associate Editor of this column, is Doris Archibald. We are very grateful for your past help, Mary, and we want you to know that we appreciated it very much. And, we are happy to welcome Doris to the staff.

## On Inactive Duty

A great percentage of the Flight and Maintenance personnel are now in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve and will remain at their stations here on inactive duty. All of these fellows flew to Camp Blanding last week, where they were given their physical examinations and inducted.

Carl Ziler, former Link Instructor, is the new Link department head, succeeding Joe Obermeyer, who resigned recently. May we wish both of these gentlemen the best of luck.

Cadet George Morse and his Course 13 helpers have completed their Listening Out copy, and it is now in the hands of the printer.

Mr. Tyson lost a darn good secretary and we lost a darn good Associate Editor when Nelva Purdon left this week to go join her husband who is serving with the Army in California. Good luck, Nelva.

Natalie Reese is now in Mr. Tyson's office, while Lois Mae Hefflin will be Mr. Durden's secretary. Phyllis Flanders has been transferred to the Personnel department.

## Visitor at Riddle Field

Margaret Morgan, former employee in the Administration office, visited friends here this past week.

We were happy to hear from former hospital attendant Howard Kemp.

Mr. Kemp says, "Congratulations on your second anniversary, and I trust Riddle Field will have many more years of prosperity—I surely look forward to the Fly Paper each week and enjoy reading it, as it seems like a paper from home."

Thank you, Martha Dowd of Moore Haven, for your contribution. We will use it if

we can make a print from the pencilled copy. Next time use ink if at all possible.

## "TAM TELLS 'EM"

*There's work that must be done  
And our boys are out to do it;  
British, American—everyone,  
With one goal—to beat the Axis to it.*

*Learning to fly at Riddle-McKay,  
Giving the best that's in 'em  
'Cause the Nazis are across the way  
And they're going out to skin 'em.*

Our Riddle Field athletes split with the Morrison Field tennis and softball teams last Wednesday, with the local tennis team winning 6 sets to 2 and the Morrison Field softball team winning 20-1.

Winning the tennis competitions were

## TROPICAL SCENE



Lt. Kline and his baby alligator

Cadets, Cummerlen and Payne 6-3, 6-3, 6-1, 6-1; Hamilton and Lyon 6-3, 6-2, 6-3, 6-0; Cox lost in singles 6-2, 6-2, 6-3; Moyes won 6-1, 4-6, 7-5, 1-6, 1-6.

## Off the Beam

Course 15's softball team was definitely "off the beam" last Wednesday, so the less said about the result, the better.

Mort Feldman and his Mechanic softball team showed great improvement when they teed off against the Advanced Instructors and won 14-6.

Course 14 has booked a couple of games in Miami for the near future against the Army Air Corps team training at Embury-Riddle in Coral Gables.

Complete information will be available for the next issue.

Know Your Departments: "The Guardians of Riddle Field" are brought to our attention this issue. I. S. Bell is Chief Guard, and under him are Arthur Brown, Thomas Dupree, Fred Hall, John Holcomb, Archie Houdeshell, Charles Lasitter, John Moore, Olin Mizelle, James Leslie, John Osborn, John Sexton, David Shaw and Samuel Smoke.

The Maintenance department staged a Fourth of July celebration of its own Sunday, having a big barbecue at "Fish-eating" creek near Palmdale. A large percentage of the employees were present for the feed, and all reported a good time. The feature attraction of the entertainment was the diving act put on by General Manager Tyson and Director of Flying Hunziker. It is rumored, however, that these two men received some assistance from several of the Maintenance department.

Fred Allen, Link Instructor, left last week for his home in Missouri, where he will take a rest before accepting another position. Good luck, Fred.

## A Truer Word . . .

With all the blood tests being made last week, Capt. Wilkins, Medical Officer, came up with the prize remark—"What the mosquitos don't get, we do."

Fred Young of the Instructor's Club was taken to a Miami hospital this week for treatment.

The Editor is happy to have as his guests his sister, Miss Jane Hopkins, and Miss Marian Sakel from Huntingburg, Ind.

Word has been received from several Course 9 boys. P/O Wilson is on Army Coop; P/O Pollard and P/O Fishwick are on fighters. P/O M. W. P. Clarke, Course 6, is now flying heavy bombers and has seen some action over the continent.

W/C Fanstone has been visiting here at the Field this past week and attended the celebration activities. W/C Fanstone was attached to this Station when it was first started, and it was a pleasure to have him see the growth of the School in its two years of existence.

## One Year Ago

July 16, 1942—Course 6 wins Track and Field meet, and General Manager Tyson presents Riddle-McKay cup to Captain Tony Hawley—The Instructor's Club is organized, with the first officers: Ray Morder, President; Charles W. Bing, Vice-President; Willard King, Secretary; Frank Veltri, Treasurer—A section of the new homes recently built in Clewiston has been called Riddle alley, since many Instructors and other employees are living there.

## THE "AT" SONG

from Course 13

Tune: "McNamara's Band"

*You get your ship, you start her up  
And when you put your pitch in fine;  
You taxi down the taxi-strip  
And the taxi wheel's out of line.  
Oh, the brakes go on and the wheels they screech  
And the baskets fly around;  
You think she's straightening out ok,  
But the right wing's on the ground.*

*You turn her forty-five degrees  
And start your cockpit check,  
You try to find your wireless lead,  
But it's wound around your neck;  
Oh "Riddle Control, Riddle Control,  
This is two two three,  
Taking off on a local flight,  
And bound for Tennessee."*



*You push the throttle past the gate  
And keep her straight and true  
And then you begin to wonder  
What in the h— to do;  
You heave back hard upon the stick  
And yank her off the deck;  
She's climbing straight and level  
But you're a physical wreck.*

*Oh, it's wheels and boost and throttle and  
pitch  
As into the air you grind,  
And when you hit five hundred feet,  
The passenger starts to bind.  
But when you reach two thousand feet  
Your mind is quite a blank.  
The engine misses and sputters  
'Cause you didn't change the tanks.*

*Center the needle, center the ball,  
Keep your airspeed right  
And when you're turning steeply  
Don't make it quite so tight  
'Cause if you do you're sure to stall  
And flip it on its back;  
The compass will go 'round and 'round:  
You'll be 'way off your track.*

*"Now let me see you do a roll.  
Don't pull the nose too high,  
Or hold her long inverted  
For the grit gets in your eye.  
Your loops are bad, your chandelle stinks,  
Your roll-off's gone to h—.  
The guy who said that you can fly  
Must have some more to tell.*

*Co-ordination is the work  
That you've not heard before.  
Your planning is quite stinko!"  
I hear the binder roar.  
"Let's get down to the field again  
In just a shallow dive:  
I like to see you eager  
But it's good to be alive."*

*You near the circuit once again,  
The base leg's straight ahead  
There's someone flying at you:  
He must be off his head.  
It seems that you are in the wrong:  
'Tis plain for all to see,  
The tee that once was number six  
Is now a number three.*

*You turn around and nip away  
And come in right this time.  
You're trying not to lose your height  
And trying not to climb.  
"Oh Riddle Control, Riddle Control,  
This is two two three;  
My wheels are up, I'm landing  
On number thirteen tee!"*

*So it's canopy, pitch and flaps again  
As you do your final check;  
You feel at peace with everyone  
And head her for the deck.  
You level off a bit too high  
And start to float her in,  
But she drops in underneath you  
To a sound of rending tin.*

## BRITISH AND AMERICAN PERSONNEL AT RIDDLE FIELD



Seated are W/C George Greaves and F/Lt. John Crossley. Standing are former Instructor Stan Reeder, F/C George Mason and Advanced Instructor Warren Reid.

*Oh, the tail strikes first and then the wheels;  
She bounces and she shakes;  
She's yawing, pitching, rolling,  
As you start to work the brakes.  
The right wheel catches in a rut  
And she swings around and 'round;  
The inter-com begins to roar  
"Don't loop her on the ground."*

*Now you're handsome, young and clever,  
And you have quite all it takes  
And with the fair, young ladies  
These qualities cause the 'quakes,  
But when you're flying in the sky  
Don't try to thrill your mate,  
'Cause there's many a brave, hot pilot  
Who's knocking at The Gate.*

### GYRO NOTES

*Continued from Page 17*

a most happy addition to the party. We met W/C George Greaves and a number of the British boys training at Riddle Field—fine chaps these.

Morning came and a trip out to the Field was both enjoyable and educational. A lunch was much enjoyed.

The return trip was mostly through rain, but we did see a formation of Navy planes in dive bombing practice. I am sure all voted a wonderful time was had.

### Night Shift Inspector

We again have Mr. Merritt as inspector on the night shift. Mr. Hill is returning to days this coming Monday. Our girls in the paint shop have been observing "do those dials week" and the dials have really been pouring out. Fine stuff; we were needing them.

Mr. Reilly is back with us after several days illness. Glad you are with us again. Now, get those "turns" rolling. We hear Raudenbush is to be returned to us again

soon. We hope so, for we need him worse than the army, we think.

Mel Klein is really busy these days. With altimeters, rate of climbs and electrical instruments it would seem he has his hands full. Careful you don't blow a fuse.

## AFRICAN MOUNTAINS AND PACIFIC ISLANDS

*Cold nights in the mountains of Africa,  
Hot nights in the Islands of the Pacific,  
All of them dark nights with no light after  
sun down.*

*All of them lonesome nights.*

*Hot days in the desert,*

*Steaming days in the jungles*

*All of them lonesome days with yearnings  
of home.*

*American music can help pass those days  
and nights,*

*But radios are often taboo.*

*Records and record players can go any  
place the troops go.*

*But new unscratched records are necessary.  
You can help the men in the far off lands  
have records*

*Go to your attic, into your cellar, clean out  
the cupboard*

*Get out those old records of yours and give  
them to the guard at the gate*

*Or to the American Legion Post in Coral  
Gables,*

*Who will sell them and buy new records for  
our fighting men.*

*They will go to Records for Our Fighting  
Men*

*Draft every old record in your community  
and send it to war.*

**MORE RECORDS FOR OUR  
FIGHTING MEN CAMPAIGN  
JULY 3rd to JULY 31st, 1943**



# TECH TALK

by Joe Ellis

Gleanings from the Tech School: Mr. Terry of the Radio department has a new Instructor, Henry Rehe. Welcome to the fold, Mr. Rehe.

Mary Mitchell of James Blakeley's office has received a letter from Johnny Riddle, former employee in the Director's office. Johnny says he is going to try for a commission in the Marines.

He also says that nothing much happens where he is except the mail call and that is seldom. It might be well for all of us to realize the importance of mail to the boys in service—how about the letter you owe him, huh?

## Victory Gardening

Bill Burton believes that Florida will soon be owned by the ragweed and the chinch bugs. He would like a remedy for the blisters on his hands resulting from work in the garden.

Interest runs high in the Portuguese and Public Speaking classes. I am not alone in believing that the company is due a vote of thanks for offering the courses under such capable Instructors as Donald Sprague, Adriano Ponso, Sertorio Arruda and Mr. De Valle.

Harry LeRoy of the Instructors School

says the Instructors taking the refresher course are "on the beam." They are glad to have the opportunity to increase their store of knowledge.

The rumor has it that Mr. Stahl is expert at cultivating gardenias and also drives a hard bargain in the purchasing of same.

Mr. Hubbell of Aircraft Hydraulics is off for a week's fishing trip — cruising around the keys.

## Is It True?

Is it true that Donald Sprague is "in cahoots" with a certain chiropodist on Miami Beach?

Evelyn Doane, formerly of K. C. Smith's office, has decided to stay in Knoxville, Tenn. Her cheery "hello" and southern drawl will most certainly be missed.

Bill Burton deserves a pat on the back for his efforts in the income tax switch over. As we understand it, the cards and all details went off without a hitch and everyone in Tech school was tabbed and tabulated in the time prescribed. Nice going, Mr. B.

Ethel Tennyson and Martin Tade of the "lines must be straight and to scale" department have moved from Tech and are now in Bob Habig's department, G. and A.

## WORD FROM ENGLAND

Ralph Ward, who is piloting a flying fortress in England, writes that he is receiving the Fly Paper. "The post office employees," he adds, "would find you finally anywhere with anything that had your name on it. Fine fellows."

division. Their department occupies the penthouse on the south side of the building which was formerly occupied by Mimeograph.

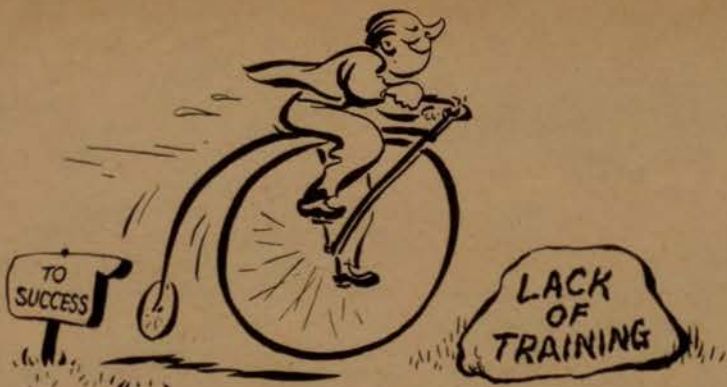
Latest addition to the test stands is an Allison engine equipped with a Curtiss electric Prop.

Hydraulic system of the B-34 is now complete, thanks to Mr. Barker of Hydraulics. Paul Elston grinned from ear to ear when that 2000 hp Pratt and Whitney was "fired up."

## New Equipment

Capt. Clayton is very happy at seeing so many new pieces of equipment going into use in the back of the building.

Things I won't forget: How the girls loved to walk through the Instrument department to get to Mimeograph department when both departments were still on the 4th floor south. My feelings the day James Blakeley introduced me to 96 boxes of unassorted T. O.'s



## STAYING UP IS IMPORTANT, TOO

Sometimes the lure of short-cuts to big money and success is pretty hard to resist. But in the final analysis, there is no substitute for good, sound training. The person who doesn't have it may find the going very smooth—up to a point. From there on, he's stymied.

Why not build your future in Aviation the sensible way. It doesn't take long. The cost is moderate. The dividends are tremendous. Ask us for all the facts and plan to enroll soon.



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